MOODS

POEMS

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MOODS

Moods are things
that catch me
in a sudden light,
a passing moment

We never know just
where or when they will
and then who knows
when they will again

Shadow leaf and branch
across your forehead
or just a quick
and meaningful glance

Leaves fill up
the trees now
reaching out to
wind sun and sky

And leaves wash
the day's window,
they're wiping it
ever so clean

Now it's so clear
I can see straight
through to the other day
and the other tree

Well I don’t know
where all the time
could have gone, it was
gone so quickly too

Yes, it went so
quickly and sometimes
not too bad I would
also have to say

Yet starting up out
of a vacant mood
I can’t help but ask
Where is the time, the day?

Never actually quite worked
between me and any
of them, really I
don’t know why

Early and such difficult --
traumatic actually --
experience can’t help
at all, no not at all

And yet despite everything
I would still like
sometime to try once more,
before I’m out the door

I remember how
it was that day
when it was all
so absolutely right

Light was like bright
bricks of gold straight up
the wall and we could climb
there weightlessly

Imagine stepping up
into another life
entirely free, not like this
dark man hole that we're in

Water flows through
the sky and you
really have to wonder
actually why

Wind blows through
the ground and
you really have to say
it's a bit unsettling

Light flashes in
an eye but here
you see it's like the sea's
mysterious phosphorescence

Everyone has so
many moods,
they crowd through
inside each other

My face seen
in the corner of
the window, branches
fan my brow

Anxious and yet
dreaming awake
something somehow better
I was thinking now

Is the light something
I can see or is it
something rather
that sees me?

Sometimes it seems
it is like a tune
that I catch onto,
from hearing you

From hearing the
music of your voice,
the meaning of your
thoughts and of my own

What is your voice?
As you begin to
speak, do you know
what you'll say?

Standing in the light
of the ordinary street
on a given and quite
ordinary day --

Yet everything is changed,
not only what you say --
but the mere fact of being
here, now, in this way

It was too bad
about you, that
you were so crazy,
I still hear your voice

Thrown forward
through the tunnel
of space and time --
grasping, listening

How can I ever
find you, reach
to where you are, know
you as back then?

Light prints the wall
with leaves and
branches, wind motions
seen cannot be felt

And the sun's tap is
slowly turned off
till only a thin stream
leaks orange copper

How the shadows
seem so solid then,
almost like living trees,
real building, living men

Spring buds where
my face drank
from rain pool ripples
spiked with a tearing sun

Soft pink buds so
delicate that softest
flowers never more so,
and yet in the warm sun

I remember all that
once I touched, all
blossomed inside, spreading
through my hands, my arms

I am waiting
for you all, all
to come back to me
in the morning

Pour all my days
back into my hands,
I will take them now
I will take all of them

Shower the maple seeds,
their wings grasshopper green,
down from spring tree tops
all around me in the morning

Where my blood
is turning inside
my breath, as in
a light bulb a filament

Where my breath
is thinking inside
my eyes, as in a tree
the diamond sun

Where my eyes are
floating inside the sun
as in an orange the
smooth white seeds

Now the fur pools
open in these spotlit
surfaces, such gratitude
from the twinned divers

You are my own
eyes now, reflected
in an urban glass, where
river years have streamed

The second layer
of night worn thin,
but laced up sleep
won't let us in

Sand blows through
the wind's hall
where the light moves
as though in ochre shrouds

Mica blooms now --
a desert of rock chips,
yellow sand the paraffin road
cracked craters of chalk

A flat road and low
washed over washed out
by the high sand tide --
wooden poles mark distance

Darkened sister sun
and you lordly moon
in the discovered night,
undrape your wide seas!

Undrape yourselves to me,
bring water to my hands
for my bright salt tears --
I have come from far

I have tread down years --
Darkened sister sun
and you lordly moon,
in the discovered night

Morning sun bores
a hole in the darkness,
wood grain breaking open
in dim green trees

Varnish of faint light
and summer stillness,
humid air and the field's scent
as heavy as drying paint

Stand in the weed ditch,
tentative tall mullein
swayed in the light breeze,
and grass at my pant leg

Thinking through these
latest questionings,
the lamp by the bed
streams a million suns

Dust particles of light
seeded in the mind
that wonders doubts
feeling itself blind

Feeling itself turned
into its opposite,
the involuted body
thinking through its darkness

Night is a broth
of wind and rain,
branches stirred in
by flaking trees

Vortex clouds cut through
by the rain's sieve,
sounds of the boiling earth
cracking open to its roots

Scent of ozone now,
no clouds but open sky
-- fine salt crystals,
brine lace work of stars

Beauty passing by
here everywhere
lovely such gold
and sunlit hair

The streets so full
of youth and grace
faces glances clothes on
slim and elegant forms

Beauty lives for
others now, for me
what can there be
beyond this watching?

Early in the morning
and I am here
opening the lost
yet found passages --

This wandering
of the inner ear
of mind and even
of time itself --

Thought intention breath --
onward the reasoned
discovery toward that last rhyme
I will not write here

Open the veins
of light like
two slit wrists -- and
now how it bleeds

Straight into my eyes --
the bright sun artery!
Light fills the day
as blood our veins

Lying with my face
to the sun breast,
its warmth pressing down
as I soak it in

Sitting in this
coffee place -- cool air
a red tile floor
a thick white cup

Listening to the stray
conversations around
yet never look up,
just thinking instead

Thinking instead
of a single word --
will it ever be said
again, said to me?

Dim light fanned
across your bare
chest from the
lime green blinds

And I trace the
tan lines around
your two breasts
with my finger tips

Listening there so
close to that hidden
place, so near and far,
wondering what you are

So many moods
that go through
the mind, each
a new landscape

Drawn across
as though in
each and any wind
(as the leaves toss)

Sun above high
in the sky straight
straight up, on the ground
my feet with no shadow

The days so
real and unreal
both -- such an odd
dream experience

Pull all the threads
of hours far
into yourself, the spool
wound up so tight

Then when it's cut
and all's unwound --
then such release,
then such a loss

The other voice
I've heard
speaking so often
at the edge of words

The other voice
faint and elusive
yet present somehow
in the coals of light

A voice in which
a true unknown,
the burnt out time,
can be made clear

My eye searches
the off white
ceiling, no fan yet
blades of late light, still

What can be done
with this constant
thing, steadily there,
whether seen, unseen --

Steadily thought
even when unthought,
just outside the window
flickering in the green?

Snow in the light
of early spring,
a March blizzard's
white day, wet night

Pebbly blue black
shine on the street
beneath the chalky
blue of a street light

Cold, and it will be
winter until it's
summer -- waiting still
for the deep renewal

Searching through time,
memory encumbers
the days and my
dreams at night

Bad memories the
mind can only wince
from, must flinch
away from, mind wounds

Mind scars and one
in particular
left on my body, seen
every day, each night

Renewal of the
season, light has
a new watery sharp
look and feel

Light of spring
and a cold wind
announced in the bare
black branches --

Pushing the white
cirrus clouds high
overhead through the bright
pale cold blue sky

An orange, ripe
and filled with
juice -- a sun
and humid groves

Warm air and
rain's silver nets
let down in showers
or in fragrant mists

White straw hats
flashing in sun,
hands on wooden
ladders, on slatted bushels

The rain pouring
water out from
the gutters, from
the tar black roofs

The city under
a white mist filled
with slanted rain
on wax gray windows

Cold rain, cold wet
air in every cellar
or small alleyway,
every building corridor

Pour all the
tears out now
from my heart,
they will never end

Rain can come
on and on --
let the rain come on
however it will

Loneliness bleeds
like an ulcer
inside of me,
now and always

Who are you
reading these few
brief lines -- where?
I think of you

Reaching far out
to the other,
the unknown life
on the opposite side

The unknown mind
I almost glimpse,
hidden absolutely though --
the unknown suffering

Let my tears
rain down, let them
be like water
running down a tree

Let the sorrow
inside of me be
the tossing of its
branches in the wind

Let the loneliness
and pain be
the cold black earth
that its roots are in

Your ears are
the gifts of light,
your eyes are
the gifts of sound

Your breathing is
the gifts of touch,
many and many --
acts of creation

Echoing around,
spinning outward
in each moment, this
vertigo of a cosmos

Lying in a narrow
bed alone at night
waiting for sleep,
waiting for day --

And renewal of this
cubicle I'm in,
as though washed clean
in the early light

Working through this
dark opposing time,
like hauling a boat
upstream across the rocks

Thinking of you
again as I so
often do, can't seem
to stop at all

And it would be
so wonderful
to see you once
again I think

Wonderful to have
you near me,
wonderful your eyes
your strange smile, your face

So strange to think
so little time
left to my life --
where did it go?

It all seems
so recent and yet
also somehow
dim and remote

Something I had
wandered into
as though by mistake,
and yet must redo

Now evening
fills the room
with a grey green
and subtle light

Evenings have
returned, since
it is April now,
the spring's opening

And the world
grows slowly
slowly larger as
winter shrinks away

There is an opening --
my whole being
is searching through
its blank walls

I am searching
for the narrow
crevice, the one
single key hole

I must have, must
find, to thread
my old life through
into the new beyond

Where are you?
I am looking, I
am searching, and
even remembering

Did I find you once?
Did I know you
there and then? -- where
was it though? when?

When was the time, where
the place? in what day
with its sun, wind blown
street with its night?

How to gain, and
then when once had
keep for good
and all, the simple

Single and precious
precarious jewel,
the centerpiece
of the soul

Insight, wisdom --
and then the basis
of these, which
is self-control

Gratitude for my
language and for
thought itself, quick ideas
teeming in the mind

Beatitude I too
would call this
sheer possession
of the living soul

I too would be
possessed by this
inwardly multiplying
divinity, now, always

Girls in slim dresses
white dresses or
green and red,
walking in the sun

And I am watching
as though with
a newly clarified
and abstract intention

Is it possible to see
the beauty that is there
inside that dress? -- clear,
living, whole, and luminous

Is it you I want to touch?
And if it is, how shall
it be done? -- at what point
step beyond a bound

At what point violate
the inner separation
that I now must feel --
desire and oneself,

Desire and the soul --
which now with
these increasing years
has found itself inviolable

Teachers of old,
I feel you around me
as I write, a choir of voices
in the room's light

Not the great poets
of the past, it is not
they, but rather
my mere professors

Those I knew myself --
Conlon and Colville
Londraville, Law -- I think
of you now, I think of you all

Love is passed on
from hand to hand,
likewise from mouth,
eyes, lips, and faces --

But it is passed too
from mind to mind,
idea to idea -- a linking
abstract mesh of souls

Burning in daylight
there outside the window --
living created structures
of the rushing city

Thoughts of early
youth and childhood
gather in me
day by day

So that I seem
to see a given
life as a simple
and a single thing

Revelation of
a living soul
unfolding, yet timeless,
in a living light

The day grows
up around us
in the morning light,
just beyond

Day beyond day,
sky beyond sky
that had been dark,
although with stars

What is beyond
the day we see,
what beyond
the sky, the night?

Afternoon in April
and the light goes
gray, the air quite cool,
lightning tremors spark

Then cold rain like
ice flecks on the pane,
and I get up to drag
the curtains back

Winter is over now,
spring is coming in
with hail and bright rain
and a sky of steamy clouds

Old friend from our
days on Brown Street,
do you remember
our evening walks?

In the age of
meeting ourselves
again, we too
will meet again

Images of memory
fill the mind --
in the epochs of loneliness
our sure companions

Afternoons of loneliness,
as the slanting light
fills the corridors
of the quiet town

Here the public square
is empty except
for the late sitters,
dreaming through smoke

Clouds pass high
overhead, it is
a long way up, the sky
so intensely blue

You were the most
beautiful, the most
passionate, most
inward and exquisite

You were an
incomparable
experience, and I
can never forget

How I would
love to see you,
how I would love
to know you again

Scum and rabble
of the Catholic Church,
child abusing pieces
of shit, scum of the earth

You rabbis cutting
the infant, and then
you suck the blood,
in this way as well

You jihadis, you
the delusional
armies of Allah,
you too are human trash

Light of the world
that streams though
all things, lies behind them
yet within them

Radiance beyond all
merely seen, and yet
also definitely seen
in what is beautiful

Luminous event of
sheer existence
in itself, set within
some greater, greatest light

Darkness of the world
radiant and clean,
violence of ideas --
precision of violence

This clarity penetrates
all realms, planes
of existence, dimensions
of these minds, all minds

Concepts storm in
the streams of light,
anti-concepts too fill
the radiant pool of night

Evening comes
in April with its
faint light tinted
as with copper

What is it I feel
in the quiet of
the back yard,
under the plum trees?

Beside the white
almond blossoms,
near red roses --
what is passing?

Maple tree high
near the house
dropping its
showers of seeds

Casting its skeins
of light and rain,
spreading broad skirts
of gusting wind

Opening its broad
green hand so
splotched with sunlight
and with shadow

Unknown entities
that fill the slant light
of the oak tree's
dim rippling pond

Catching at black
leaves as though
for cover, so wary
of existence here

Now, listening to
high silence all
around, I extend
my hands toward them

Why am I here in
this lower world,
exiled from my high
ancestral realm? --

Moods of mere
wondering slashed
through with a
bright amazement

Eyes come toward
me out of a dark
mirror, glimmering just
to vanish in light trails

Moods pass through
us in the evening,
in the morning, in the
darkness and in light

Passing through
our souls, and it must
be that is the soul
in its very self --

Formless, shapeless,
in time, yet not
of time, present nowhere,
moving everywhere

Images of the street
rippled through by
white clouds the blue
sky and sunlight

A woman walking
by with a child
on a leash also
an unseen dog

High contrail streaks
and a large window
breaking up and
a child that stamps

Mind moving inside
my mind breathing
inside my breath
sleep inside my sleep

Light watching inside
my eyes that yet
are not my eyes
watching not my own

Speech inside of
my own voice
thinking in my
crowded silences

Particles of starlight
in my bones, in my
muscles the opening
of space and time

Body projected
here from the first
exfoliation of the
cosmic hosts

The orders, powers
driven through
the stars, gathered in
this lucent water bead

The sound of
a woman's cry
comes through
the dark wall

Outside there is
the sound
of the night trees
in the wind

I can see through
the open window
an opal moon
above the house

You are walking
at night down
there on the
street below

I am watching
at the window
and I am listening
to the trees

It is late but
I am waiting,
pressing my face
against my knees

How many loves
are dead in
the floating moon
many many

How many loves
have risen in
the frothing breakers
of the tree

How many loves
in the flowers
on the table, flowers
you gave to me

Between one and
none there are
many there are few
uncountable

Between mirror
and dark room
there is an
open window

A burning moon
outside is waiting
for the one whom
none may hide

In my room the sound
of the rain outside,
rain blotches on
the back door's glass

A draft of cool air
passes underneath
the bed -- I feel it, lying
on the wooden floor

How I love April
with its bright cold showers,
how I love an empty
house, an open door

This dispersal of
dandelion seeds
to still winds inside
a cube of ice

This blossoming
of deep sight lines
inside the sunset's
luminous gold

This crystal, this
complex form within
the night time's
sky, these stars

In the evening
mind and spirit
fill up with
a different light

Exhaustion sometimes
it is true comes
over me, lying here
dusted with ash

Underneath the ash
a coal still glows,
in the morning it is
seen above the trees

Come to me once
again my powers
bring me my energy
again, my life

Flow once more
through my two
river arms, let spring
floods run there

Let the sun rise
up into my heart,
fill me with warmth
and light and love

How much I love
the morning
with its subtle
and delicate light

Beautiful as a shell
the halo of the sun
as it begins
its apparition

Through the trees
one feels the early
and first spirit
in the new dim air

Light of the mind
come into me,
luminous spirit
of the greater light

Warmth of the fire
of all love, spirit
of empathy, of
generosity, ardor

Fly my hands out
to the compass points,
reach the four corners
of the living world

The damaged body,
the damaged mind --
droplets of health
dripped into me

Drawn through
the straws of care,
of love and caution
and self-care

Step by step slowly
the world comes
back to me made
greater with renewal

How great and glorious
you are, my image
of the beauty
of all earthly life

You whom I touched
so long ago in the
earliest moments of our
two twinned lives

Pale in lamplight
your living and
precious form, held
in my arms forever

I am sorry that you
are so disappointed,
I am not at all
what you thought

The shadow
is longer
than the house
is high, sometimes

It is so in the late
light at evening,
and also at morning
with sunrise

In the bright day
as we drive
the road reals out
swift, sparkling

The clouds are
filing overhead,
the valley is
luminous below

How green the corn
and the clover fields and
how radiant the sun
we're running toward

How wrong was
David Hume, who thought
that all impressions,
or grief or joy

Passions, exaltations --
interests, powers --
succeed each other
momently, fleeting

But instead for me
all is present, all
equally real, and all mine,
at any, every moment

How much I love
you all you the
others, strangers
of the world

Your interesting
faces manners
ways of speaking, so
different from my own

How much I
would like to
see each one, speak
to each one of you

I call transcendental
not objects but
the ways by which
we know them

I call transcendent
not beauty and all
light but what there is
behind them

And there is behind
them something,
something like your face
your eyes your mind

Sun going down
and I walk into
its peach colored
cone of light

Tree limbs are
webbed and ringed
with a pale copper,
light's filmy aura

The sunset deepening
I walk beyond both
space and time, into
their vanishing point

Asleep in the sun
it's as if my eyes
were filled with
a simmering light

As if my face
were the ground
baked dry, pulled tight
and cracking open

As if my blood
somehow up high
were currents streaming
round new islands there

Bright lit cumuli
float overhead,
they seem to have
scorch marks on them

Seething yellows
of the burning green --
cornfields nearly still
in the light wind

And beyond them
see the blue sky
of the river with
its straight row of suns

In the evening
all the pain,
fatigue and sadness
of my days

In the evening
it is as though
my life were
a bare apartment

This room in which
I sit, my window
open to the street and
the sounds outside

You the still unknown
yet perfect woman --
who are you and
where are you?

For long ages
I have waited
searching, hoping
somehow to find you

Will I ever, will
I ever know you,
ever hear your voice
or see your face?

Now the fatigue
of the evening,
and the sun is
green going down

Distracted memories
as I walk alone
late through the
bare downtown

Perhaps I will
walk by that place
where I held you and
where I kissed you once

Morning, and who
can say what
it really is -- it
is the day

But what is that
and where, yes
and who especially
can be there --

Is allowed to be --
thinking acting striving
however they may, yes
who can say?

Lord, deliver me
from jerks and fools,
I have been surrounded
this whole time

This one a sewer
spewing from his mouth,
that one, a dog kennel
in her mind

Malevolent intentions
of distorted
frustrated souls, those
overwhelmed by human life

The light is cool
again on the
evening blinds, blue
dusk of September

Think of the ruby
settings of July --
coral and carmine held
in a fire-marked ring

What hand has passed
through what smoldering
now that all passion is
only to remember?

Enigmatic eyes how
interesting you were
to me, that could
speak two languages

A bright juice strained
through the palm trees' sieve,
then blinds of wind drawn by
wind across dark streets

Peach-colored lanterns marked
a path from river bridge
to restaurant, from there
to your far apartment

Lying here late light
tinting the wall blue,
can't help my thoughts
still wander, still --

They can't help it
either it would seem --
whether in daylight
darkness or half-light

Awake asleep or even
this half-conscious dream,
thinking of you
and of your smile too

If only I could
have known you
in some other world,
whole and luminous

As you should have been,
were intended to be
by the light that shone
in you even then

The absolute perfection
of your living soul,
that day we walked there
under wind-blown trees

If only I could see
your face once again
across from mine, through
the rain, walking

If only I might
touch your hand
once more, if only for
a second in the night

If only I could hear
your voice one more time
speak to me in some
actual place and time

How wonderful
is thought, since it
brings me, at the very least,
some idea of you

How glorious
my memory -- and
it must be, since
you are in it so much

Since you fill it and
in such a subtle way,
how insignificant time
since it can't take you away

Hunger of memory
for the light you were
within the darkness
of those corridors

Sun through high windows,
slashes of spring outside --
light green buds of waving trees
and the pink lilacs

And then meeting late
in a secret corner -- steady
the candid pressure
of your breasts against me

Who are you now
and what are you
doing now there, there
in the other world?

That place where
you live and move
entirely apart
from where I am

From where I am
thinking of you, here
in these shadows edged
by your special light

If I came back, would
I find you? Where
would you be,
and then also, who?

Would I find you still
in your small apartment,
your light-filled clothes
hanging outside the window?

Who would be visiting,
sitting on your couch
through the rainy evenings
or the long afternoons?

Beloved in light,
standing in memory --
imponderable existence --
and in mystery

How your parents
must have loved you,
astonished every day
by your living beauty!

How to protect you,
everywhere and always--
you the irreplaceable, my
treasure beyond all treasures

I lie here
in lamplight,
thoughts of you
crossing my mind

Where are you
now, this minute?
yes, even as
I think of you

What would I see
could I be there
where you are -- what,
and who, would I find?

Your smile in the dusk
of the foreign city,
strange lights with palm tree
columns behind

Traffic was glowing beads,
crowding sequins on
dark fabric, building
outlines so brightly dim

You in my memory, if I
could somehow trace
your features, gather again
dark currents of your hair

Sun going down
and I walk into
the peach-colored
cone of light there

The tree limbs
webbed and ringed
with a pale copper,
light's film and aura

Sunset deepening
as I walk beyond
both space and time,
past their vanishing point

AFTERWORD

Encounters With the Author in Taipei

We first made the author's acquaintance at a well-known restaurant in Taipei, the Wysteria Tea House, famous as having been a meeting place at one time for dissident intellectuals in the years of political struggle in Taiwan . During the recent effort to publish his rather extensive work, we had various occasions to discuss aspects of his past and current writing.

Your poetry is quite varied in style and in form. Where do you locate yourself in the overall debate concerning poetic form?

I consider myself an eclectic. The main thing for me is to grasp, mentally, a certain object -- that is, an experience, a scene, an event -- to see it and feel it. Any language that seems to convey the reality of that is good, any language which remains merely language, merely words, is for me of no interest, in some cases it is actively negative, in the sense of being obstructive.

A cliche?

Yes or not even a cliche but in a way worse than that. Much of our language obscures the nature of reality. Words in themselves are, in a sense, the enemy of writing. I tell students that all the time. Words most often merely convey the usual accepted social understanding. Writing is for the purpose of grasping reality itself, which is always something other than the social understanding.

Do you consider yourself a political writer?

All writing is political in the sense of attempting to correct these false social understandings. At times its purpose is to merely reveal with a new freshness, a perceptual freshness, as it were. But even this itself has a certain basic political significance, in the sense that awakened human beings will act and think differently than those who are at rest in the normal tranquilized non-perception that we usually are caught up in.

Does living outside the United States help or hinder your writing?

I think it helps, in general. It is in some ways a very undeveloped culture, yet in other ways it is overbearing. (The US, that is.) There is, for example, a great deal of rather stifling political correctness, as it's called, and to get away from that is itself a positive thing. For a while I had no idea how I would ever get all this material published, especially if you're not there trying to do all the "networking" that is needed, and which I was absolutely terrible at anyway -- worse than terrible, I really had no clue, I still don't, I suppose. And then it came about that you could just do it all by yourself, by means of the internet.

How much material is it? It's quite a lot, it would seem.

Yes, I guess it's about 40 volumes or so. Over 2,000 pages, if you want to measure it like that. I don't know how much it would weigh.

There seem to be many styles represented. Was that something you consciously strove for?

Yes. I always wanted to be able to represent a wide variety of

experiences. My first models for the artist were people such as Picasso, Goethe, Bach -- artists who could work in a very wide range of forms and even use widely different styles. Of course, I can't compare myself to people like that, but it was still a goal, to try many types of things.

What sorts of things are you working on currently?

Well as you know I am trying to get all this existing work published, going through it, touching it up here and there, proofreading, and so forth. After that, I think I might return to some translating work -- Holderlin especially, and some Chinese poets, but don't ask me which ones.

All right, but can you say whether they are modern or classical?

Classical. My favorite is Mung Hao-Ren, actually.

What was the objective with these pieces?

I suppose I wanted to use a very minimal verse form closely allied to simple song combined with at times extravagant metaphor or very sharply focused images. I was thinking of Creeley a bit but more of Jimenez, Quasimodo, maybe Prevert at times – I was pulled by opposite impulses.

About the Author

Steven Frattali is an expatriate American writer living in Taipei. He is the author to date of over 40 volumes of poetry, totaling over 2,000 pages of work. He is also the author of several critical works, among them *Person, Place and World: A Late Modern Reading of Robert Frost* and *Hypodermic Light: The Poetry of Philip Lamantia and the Question of Surrealism*.

About the Banyan Press of Taipei

The Banyan Press of Taipei was founded in 2009 by Samuel Palmer and Steven Frattali. It plans to publish the work of expatriate Anglophone writers of the Pacific Rim who are working outside the norms of mainstream publishing. The Press does not at this time invite submissions, but it hopes to do so in the future.